

ROOF FOOD

Rain collects on the flat roof next door like water in a pond. Looking down on it from the deck, we name it for the apartment complex: Lake Capri. One high spot in the middle stays relatively dry — it is there I throw food for starlings and crows. They relish bread and meat, ignore peas. Baked beans are left to rust into hard pellets, washed away by the next rain. You wouldn't think birds that yell for handouts would be so particular. Popped corn is popular but hard to catch. The first strong wind, and it showers the parking lot like snow.

CROW IN NOVEMBER

This morning the leaves of the ginko tree are the brightest yellow I've ever seen. Crow lands among its branches, his black feathers glistening with rain-wetness. With each step Crow takes along a branch, a handful of golden leaves is launched into the wind. Crow looks at his feet as King Midas must have looked at his hands when his daughter turned to gold.

Crow cocks his head and clacks his beak. "Ayhee-ah! What is this?" he says. "How is it that with every step I take, a piece of the world falls off?"

— Lee Crawley Kirk

Eugene OR

TEN CENTS OF COFFEE

coffee really doesn't taste
that good

it's just that
when you get
a truly bad cup of coffee

do you understand
the concept of:
a good cup of coffee.